

Flowers Aren't Supposed To Dance

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Tuffnut

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-05-17 23:31:10

Updated: 2013-05-17 23:31:10

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:07:18

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,042

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Lily Swan had really messed up this time. With a new name and face she is prepared to take on the world to save her dragon, but when amnesia strikes her in a dragon hating village and she is left wounded, Lily must try as hard as she can not to drown in her lost memories. Good luck, Lils. You're going to need it. Tuffnut/OC - Hiccup/OC eventually. Rate and review (nicely) please?

Flowers Aren't Supposed To Dance

First I don't own httyd - obviously, but hey I do own a Throne of Thorns so I suppose it all works out? Second this isn't my first fanfic but it may be my first good one (opinion based really), third I'm English hence my OCs origin as I know English better than American which it makes it easier, and after all isn't Berk based in Britain? If not, too bad. Lastly, please enjoy and any pointers or questions will be taken and responded to, if I can be bothered. Flaming and constructive criticism are two different things as well, flamers are not welcome as I already have a burn mark and don't need any more.

Enjoy my dears!

* * *

><p>Time is a construction of man. And so are so is reality. But we're born into an age where these two things are our base that we build our lives around. Now what if one of those was to change? What if they were both to change? What if what you're reading now has already happened? We are all just stories in the end and not all of our stories get told, some get a section told but it might not be the beginning nor might it not be the end, sometimes the middle is skipped entirely. I made a wish and this is a section of my story, a story that changed everything.<p>

* * *

><p>I was on study leave in 2013. It was the day before my English Language AS exam when the most surprising thing happened, I ran off with a dragon.<p>

Now I was raised believing that dragons were myths but of course I speculated this; every culture in the world had tales of dragons before they met and you're telling me they didn't exist? I may be a sceptic but even I know when there is more to meet than the eye.

So, I first met my dragon, the last known Day Fury (a female Night Fury), on Monday the 20th May 2013 at about midnight. I remember this time and date because that was when my whole life changed; a large white, with a purplish hue, scaled creature screeched and fell onto the ground in my garden. I actually have no idea how no one else heard it because it was so loud and the pained creature's wining was heard quite clearly.

Naturally I was curious and while the sensible part of my mind told to stay inside and lock my doors it was very quickly squished with the idiotic part of me, which caused the first step outside of my back door and into my back garden to be greeted with the sight of a slightly bleeding dragon. To say I was shocked was an understatement.

The dragon growled at me in warning, glaring at me with her " I'm pretty sure a male dragon could never look that girly " purple and pink eyes, she kind of looked like an albino reptile but her eyes would be red if she were so. I walked on forward, my arms out to her showing her my palms with slightly bent knees. I needed to get her to trust me and from watching and reading this appeared to be a good way. But I needed to be careful, a caged animal is very dangerous and she had pretty damn sharp claws.

The closer I got to her the more details of her face became apparent, such as where the blood was coming from. A long red line of liquid traced down from her left eye, her left eye that was purple, not pink. Perhaps she damaged it in a fight? I will never know but what I did know was that she needed that eye to work and only time would heal it but for now she was almost defenceless.

I walked back into my house, keeping an eye on the tired dragon. I couldn't believe what had just happened, but now was not a time for freaking out, right now she needed me to keep a level head.

Once I gathered a small towel, a warm bowl of water and finally a bandage and some alcohol (which both took ages to find) I headed back to the dragon who was looking very tired. Her head was resting on her front crossed legs and her eyes were drooping. The blood was drying around the left eye and I knew I would have to work quickly.

I had never done anything like this before, I have never properly cleaned a wound but I had read and from what I had observed it was actually pretty simple but I needed to get going.

I dabbed the towel in the water before raising it to the dragon's eye. "Okay girl," I started while looking her in the eyes to show I meant no harm, "This is gonna hurt." I warned her. Slowly I cleaned the blood and saw the cut on her eye, it was large and looked like it would scar. Once the blood was cleaned off I got the alcohol and

rubbed the dragon's scaly skin, this was really going to hurt her.

With a slight hesitant start I carefully cleaned the wound with the alcohol and looked at the whimpering dragon, "Shhh, its okay, its okay. I know it hurts, dear. I know, I know." I murmured to her. It calmed her to some extent but now that the wound was cleaned I needed to bandage it. Slowly I showed her that still meant no harm and begrudgingly let me bandage her eye; she looked better already.

"Okay." I said and sat down with her, she let her head rest on my lap. _Why does she trust me so much?_ I thought, stroking her scaly head that was strangely pleasant. She didn't smell bad either, she smelled like lavender and snow. Fitting I suppose as she was white all over with a little bit of light purple colouring on her, mainly down her stomach and on her feet and ears. "What should I call you?" I asked the curious dragon who had taken to studying me instead of growling, if I listened carefully I could even hear purring. "What aboutâ€|Snow?"

She growled and narrowed her eyes. I took that as a no.

"Heather?" Another growl was received.

"Hmâ€|how about Skylar?" The growl had lessened slightly but was still there.

"I know," I said determinedly, this caught her attention, "Silerscale. Silver for short." I earned a loud purr for this as the dragon curled herself around me and relaxed. As lovely as this hug was I really needed to get to bed or mum would have a hissy fit if I wasn't awake by the time she got home from work.

"Girl, I need to get up." I said quietly, trying to ease Silerscale off of me. "Come back tomorrow night, kay? I'll need to check your cut." The dragon looked at me before nodding once and flying off in the direction of the closest forest.

I walked back inside my home to notice that it was past midnight, I sat down and recorded what had happened in my diary. Then I went to sleep.

From then on Silver visited me every night and every night we would talk for hours and I would try and sketch her with the little light that was provided, over the course of a couple of days Silver became my best friend, I didn't think such a thing was possible but she listened to me and I would listen to her, even though we didn't understand each other's words exactly.

So on the morning of the 23rd May 2013 I watched the news and sat there in shock. There were pictures of Silver with the headline "Dragons are real!" The BBC and Sky News crews were going frantic, people were either terrified or excited but I knew one thing for certain. If anyone got a hold of Silerscale she would end up in a lot of pain and live in misery, sometimes human curiosity was the cruellest thing ever.

That night I packed my bag and left a note for my mum. That was the last time I saw my house, the last time I was in Britain and the last

time I was my time. Sitting on Silverscale's back I realised one thing; it was now us against the world. Everyone was looking everywhere for her and I would never let them have her.

* * *

><p>Since that moment it had been the dragon and her girl. They had flown to strange places; they even found the time rift that allowed the dragon to crash into 2013 from her time. The girl, now called Lily Swan, had changed in appearance after 'bonding' with her dragon. The bonding is when a dragon and a human become close enough to communicate with each other, in their minds or out loud. However that is not the only difference, Lily's hair turned to the purest white and grew so long it trailed the ground; she tied it in a long plait due to its inconvenience. Her eyes had also changed to be similar to Silverscale's; her left eye had turned bright green while the other stayed blue, and both were too big for her soft face. The change she liked the most was her voice; it had become lighter and had crafted into one of the highest singing voices she had ever heard, it reminded her of Amanda Seyfried as Cosette in Les Misérables. Just like Silver's clear scaled, Lily's skin had fashioned to be like living marble with only her eyelashes, head hair and eyebrows as the only hair she possessed. Her body had changed too, it had stretched out to 5'4 and the girl had even stopped her periods, she was uncertain if she could even have children now " though she dearly hoped she could. Lily liked a few of these changes but she could still find flaws, particularly in her impatient and stubborn nature " she was still far from perfect.<p>

The rider and the dragon had become inseparable; they leaned on each other for everything. So you can understand that after the two travelled through the time rift, which was a very rocky ride, that the girl fell from the dragon's back. Then all was darkness.

* * *

><p>Lily P.O.V<p>

There was tiny island with a tiny village in my view but I was falling so quickly it didn't take me long to realise that I would land right in the middle of the village but what really got to me was the archaic appearance of it and there was snow in lots of places, it was like I was in the Viking Era.

It was then I realised that the ground was rapidly approaching; and I didn't have time to prepare myself properly. There was about 1 ½ seconds of pain before everything went black and the people started to crowd.

* * *

><p>Hiccup P.O.V<p>

The girl had fallen from the sky. The people of Berk quickly started to chatter about her and soon enough there was one thought that was on everyone's minds; who is she and how did she survive?

As for myself I was wondering about the pretty girl more than anyone, still the cruel remarks of the others came, especially the teenagers but this girl occupied my mind too much for me to take any notice.

I'd ended up going to the healing room to see her everyday and I'd just sketch her or talk to her, even though she couldn't respond to me. Dad decided to leave me in charge of healing her, he doubted she would live but that didn't stop him from trying.

After a week the whole village had given up on her ever waking. But this still didn't stop the gossip, people had even started to believe that maybe she did wake up but only ever talked to me and that's why I went back to her everyday. The twins and Snotlout started to make fun of me by saying that I have an "immobile-girlfriend". I ignored them. Like always.

But on the eighth day, she woke up.

* * *

><p>Girl P.O.V<p>

"Where the hell am I?" I asked, my eyes opening to see a stone ceiling with wooden beams. Underneath me was a bed, padded with fur it seemed but what caught my attention was the boy grinning at me madly.

"You're awake!" He shouted before rushing to my bedside and looking right at me. I recognised him, he looked like a young brunette and green-eyed Andrew Garfield, it was unmistakable but who the hell was he?! I recognized him but I knew barely anything about him! This thought panicked me and I started to hyperventilate.

The boy looked panicked before sitting me up right and practically shoving my head between my legs but with a gentleness that didn't make sense. I calmed myself down before tears came unbidden to my eyes and I turned to look at him, "Where am I?" I whispered at him before looking down and saying even quieter, "Who am I?" I was going to freak out, that was inevitable. But I'll do that later.

The boy's expression softened before sitting on the bed beside me and putting a comforting hand on my shoulder, "It'll be okay," he said smiling softly at me, "You're in Berk, twelve days north of hopelessness and a few degrees south of freezing to death." I laughed at him and returned his soft smile through tears before wiping my eyes.

"C'mon," He started, taking my right hand in his and helping me to my feet, "We'll go outside for fresh air?" I nodded and with a crutch and his help managed to get to the door, my right leg was broken.

I took a deep breath and leaned on the boy, "What's your name?" I asked him, he grinned at me and replied slightly bitterly, "Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III." I just stared at him before replying, "That's a mouthful." I stated, it had it's desired effect as Hiccup burst out laughing, only slowing to chuckles when he realised I would fall if he continued.

People started crowding around us and that was when I realised just how big they all were, I mean Hiccup stood around 6' and he was tiny compared to the others, the smallest woman was around 5'11 which is almost a more than half a foot taller than me, I cowered into Hiccup a bit more while the shocked villagers gazed at me.

A big man with a large red beard that towered over the other people approached Hiccup and I and with a deep breath I stood up straight and looked up at him.

"This is our Chief Stoick the Vast and my father." Hiccup narrated for me while I looked at the two Vikings, obviously spotting differences, with a small shrug I turned to look at Stoick.

"It's nice to meet you, sir." I said with a grin and small bow. Stoick returned the gesture before I turned to my new friend, "I-I think I do remember one thing though, I think my name is Lily" I said with uncertainty clouding my voice.

"Lily it is then" I like it. "Hiccup said shyly, scratching the back of his head while the crowd dispersed, though a few sniggered at the boy. "Thank you." I said smiling brightly at him, his blush deepening and smiling back at me. I guess he didn't get much attention, at least not the good kind.

"C'mon, let's get some food." Hiccup said as he helped me walk and Stoick fired questions at me.

"So lass, why is your name the only thing you remember?"

I looked up at the big man, "I can't remember anything" I mumbled before looking down at the ground and trying to get up the stairs that led to the big doors Hiccup and I came from.

We entered the great hall and I looked around in awe before Stoick walked off to talk to a shorter Viking missing a leg and an arm. "That's Gobber." Hiccup whispered to me as I nodded my head in understanding. The boy led me to a wooden table and sat me down before going to get us both food.

"So," A voice said behind me, "You're the girl that fell from the sky? My, you're a pretty one." I turned around and looked up at a boy wearing a horned helmet and a disgusting-but-trying-to-be-attractive expression on his unattractive face.

"I'm Snotlout." He said sitting by me, clearly attempting to flirt.

I smiled with wide eyes and pretended to be interested, "What a unique name. I'm Lily". I said and held out my hand for him to shake. Instead he took a more direct approach and kissed it instead. I shivered in disgust and my smile had turned into a grimace.

Snotlout seemed to think this was a positive gesture and tried to flirt with me despite my obvious distaste, "Uh" I need to find Hiccup" I muttered, trying to get away from the boy.

"Oh, he's a loser. Wouldn't you rather hang out with me?" He asked and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. My smile returned but was highly sarcastic, I didn't know Hiccup very well but I was certain that he wasn't a loser, and I was also certain that he and Snotlout didn't get along.

I looked him in the eye, "No, I would most definitely not." And with that I hobbled off to the grinning Hiccup.

* * *

><p>Okay so I hope you liked this and that she's not too mary-sueish, if she is please tell me so I can change certain aspects.

End
file.